

A Modern

Latin O D E

Attempted in ENGLISH.

O qui recise Finibus Indicis, &c.

KIND Friend, with whom I Sip, and Smoke,
The finest Tea, and best *Virginia*,
Nor part until my Dose Iv'e took
Of Hermitage, or *Mont' Alcino*,

What shall an empty Poet do
To pay the mighty Debt he owes you ?
I'll Tap my Muse, and if but low
She runs, I'll Tilt her too to please you.

Old *Horace*, with a willing Mind,
(Afflicting Muse, and Wind, and Weather,)
All but uncommon Flights disdain'd,
And dipt his fancy'd Wings in *Æther*.

To joy his Patron's luscious Hours,
He sung of Wenching, and its Fuel ;
How helpful *Venus* in Amours,
And her ungracious Rogue, how cruel.

And yet the Bard with richer Wine
His jolly Whistle never wetted ;
Than from some empty'd Flasks of Thine
I still am plentifully treated.

act 1 c Nor 'did his *Tuscan* Knight e'er bear
To all the ~~acts~~ of Friendship truer,
Nor was more bountiful, or dear
To him, than to your Odist you are.

O thou Top-Wit of all the Town,
The Court, and eke the H--- of C----ns,
Whom all the Muses hang upon,
As thou'rt a constant Hanger-on 'em !

How

How do's my Marrow melt away,
And every lazy Vein beat quicker,
While gratefully in Memory
I bear thy Friendship and thy Liquor.

But, O! my Spirits are too weak
To make the great Returns intended ;
I cough, as if my Heart would break,
And wheeze like one that's broken-winded.

My fatal Hour is plainly come,
For want of like refreshing Doses,
Which only you can save me from,
And heap new Favours on the Muses.

'Tis done ; and now I live again,
And feel returning Spirits moving :
Ever may you and Spouse remain
In Health, and she be ever loving.

Renew your Vigour, spent in care,
With the soft Balm of her Caresses,
In all the Home Affairs of War ;
And what's of greatest weight, her Gr—'s

Fanny ! the Pride of Marriage Sheets,
Beyond compare, whose Hair, and Neck are,
Whose Lips breathe Everlasting Sweets,
And every Grace assist to deck her.

In such a Lot ; how happy thou !
While, Wretch, for *Molly* I am wasting ;
Whose starry Eyes have shot me through,
And harder Heart still keeps me fasting :

No other Girl will now go down,
The Tyrant's sent all else a packing ;
My Heart is hers, and hers alone,
And yet within an Ace of breaking.

Hopeless and restless, Night and Day,
I mourn the Rigour of the Gipsy ;
Nor can your Wine, and Pipes for me
Procure a Nap, tho' ne're so tipsy.

